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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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GIVING THANKS.

A little strength was lost each day,
A little hope dropped by the way,
The feet dragged slowly up the road,
The shoulders bent beneath their load,
Courage seemed dying in the heart,
The will played but a feeble part.
Night brought no ease,
Day no surcease,
From heavy cares or wearying smart.
Then why give thanks?

Somehow strength lasted through the day,
Hope joined with courage in the way;
The feet still kept the up-hill road,
The shoulders did not drop their load,
An unseen Power sustained the heart
When flesh and will failed in their part,
While God gave light
By day and night,
And also grace to bear the smart.
For this give thanks—

Thanks for the daily bread which feeds
The body's wants, the spirit's needs;
Thanks for the keen, the quick'ning word,
"He only lives who lives in God,"
Whether his time on earth is spent
In lordly house or labor's tent.
Thanks for the light
By day and night
Which shows the way the Master went.
—And he gave thanks.

—Elizabeth Lord Condit.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

FIFTY YEARS!

We believe that we write as a calm and judicious historian when we say that the record made by the First Congregational Church of Oakland during the fifty years of its existence is not paralleled by any other church on the Pacific coast. It has entered into the life of California and the whole coast as no other church has, and has moulded for righteousness, near and far, in forms that are abiding. To state that it has expended during those years $1,252,958 in the different channels of church work, and that $442,628 was in ways of benevolences and charities, is to state only in part what it has done and what accomplished. The sums of money given by members of the church and congregation to the various institutions and works which have helped to make Oakland and California what they are today would aggregate, if added to the foregoing amount, several million dollars. And the money given represents only a small part of the influence exerted. The church, through its pastors and its lay members, has put the stamp of righteousness on civic and political life far beyond the confines of the city in which it is situate, and has worked mightily for the bringing down of the kingdom of God out of heaven upon the earth.

It was an inspiring sight to look last Sunday over the congregation that crowded the large auditorium and up to the faces of the two men in the pulpit who for thirty-eight years, themselves heaven-guided, have led the church along its luminous pathway of splendid service.

How appropriate and suggestive the simple and tasty decorations on the pulpit—the trailing vine with its variegated leaves and clusters of different colored grapes thereon! Typical of what the church all through the years has been giving in the wide field in which it has ministered—clusters of grapes from the Master's vineyard!

Mr. Brown preached an anniversary sermon in which beautiful tribute was paid to his predecessors—Drs. George Mooar and John Knox McLean. After speaking of the noble principles and deep personal piety of Dr. Mooar and of the foundations so well laid by him, he fitly characterized Dr. McLean as **par excellence** a preacher and pastor—large-hearted man and friend, a Christian statesman! And turning to him as he sat there on the pulpit platform he said, "We all love you, Dr. McLean, and we are but a sample of a great multitude!"

Proceeding Mr. Brown said, but a church is not made by its pastors. It is made by the people who are caught and held by the aspiration for Christian service. Loving mention was then made of several who had been stand-bys in the church in the years agone—serving now in the higher fields of service beyond.

Next were given some of the characteristics of the church. It was remarked that there had always been manifested a spirit of peace and unity; never any quarrels; no caste; always made up and led by men and women of large and broad-minded ideas—a church of free and resolute souls, each thinking for self, but forbearing one another in love so as to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. Here have been found men who held with John Calvin and here also at the same time those who held with Lyman Abbott and George A. Gordon, and yet no theological quarrels disturbing.

Speaking of the democratic spirit of the church—no snobbishness there, no aristocratic airs—Mr. Brown told of seeing one day in the church parlors the wife of one of the wealthiest men of the church and a woman who worked out for two dollars a day, working side by side in friendly, loving converse—"both children of the Father, at home together in the Father's house!"

It was remarked further that the First Church had always stood for the dignity and beauty of worship—nothing flimsy ever in its music, no rag-time airs; generously it had given to maintain one of the best choirs in the whole country—believing in worshiping the Lord in the beauty of holiness as well as in its sanctity.

Mention was also made of the active interest which the church has always had in educational matters—in the biblical education of its own, and in general public education. In this connection Mr. Brown told of the inspiration which came to him from time to time as he looked from the pulpit into the faces of nearly an hundred school teachers.

The practical intelligent interest manifested in civic affairs was noted and reference was made to the aid rendered by the men of the church repeatedly in improving the moral tone of the community and in the securing of needed legislation in city and State.

Another characteristic of the church which was presented was its large spirit of unselfishness, and the broad and deep foundation for this Mr. Brown was glad to be able to trace back to Drs. Mooar and McLean, who in this and in all other ways had laid and had builded so well.

Let the mind go now across those fifty years! In the first year of its history this beloved church, with its seventeen members, gave $142 for missions. Last year it gave $8,324, and its benevolences amounted to $22,668, the expenditures for others being more than those for the church itself, which were $21,142.

We do not have space in The Pacific to catalogue the times nor the direction in which the helping hand of the First Church has been extended. There is not a Congregational church in Oakland which has not had thousands of dollars therefrom, and into the wider field of county and neighboring counties the generosity has gone.

In ways manifold the First Congregational Church of Oakland has crowned each passing year, and our entire fellowship joins with it in rejoicing that God has led it so royally through the first half century of its existence.

May the wish and prayer of its beloved pastor, expressed in the conclusion of his sermon last Sunday morning, that it arise to higher consecration and greater achievement in the next half century be realized!

It was a highly significant meeting which was held in the auditorium of the church on Sunday afternoon, at which time Mr. E. P. Flint, who has been a member since 1862, the Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, and ex-Governor Pardee spoke. The city council was present in a body. Dr. Dille's address on "The Relation of the First Congregational Church to the Religious Life of Oakland," while containing, of course, much that was local and personal, had also so much that was of wide application and interest that we give it entire in The Pacific this week. We know that readers from the Mexican border to British Columbia will thank us mentally for doing so.

Dr. Pardee in a brief address spoke of having enjoyed for forty-three years the friendship and loving monitorship of the three noble men who had served there as pastors. He spoke of the First Congregatoional Church as the backbone of the community, as having done more than any other agency and many agencies combined to make Oakland what it is in the civic and political as well as its moral and religious life. It was the moral weight of the church, said Dr. Pardee, which had banished many an evil institution and influence from Oakland.

Mr. Flint spoke in a very interesting way that afternoon on "Early Days," and as he went over the years and viewed in memory's galleries what the church had been during the years down from those early days and to what it had attained, he felt and said that he "wouldn't swap it for any other church anywhere."

The Pacific gives the space it is giving this week to reporting this fiftieth anniversary with the thought that in doing so we are exalting the Church of Christ all over the Pacific coast.

The pastorates of these three men, what they are, what they have done, the wide influence of the lay members of this church—these things should stand as an inspiring object lesson!

Significant indeed was a statement made by Mr. Brown at the meeting of the ministers on Monday. He told of the first five letters that he opened from his mail one morning recently. The first was from the president of the University of California, telling him in brief what he had been to the university; the second was from a workingman, who told of the moral uplift and general help that had come to him through his varied ministry; the third was from a man who had once been engaged in the liquor traffic—something which Mr. Brown has always fought—one with whom he had become somewhat intimately acquainted after he had quit that business. This man realized that a man of most sterling qualities was going from the city and he expressed his sense of loss. The fourth letter was from a freshman in the University of California, who told in earnest boyish way what Mr. Brown had been to him and the fifth was from the pastor of the Swedenborg Church in San Francisco, who felt that in the departure of Mr. Brown he was losing a real brother in Christ.

Pastors, exalt your calling; it is a high calling; but—exalt it! You touch men in every walk and work in life. Touch them with the best and for the best!

Churches, prove yourselves worthy of the great work to which you are called. Do not merely think of it and talk of it as a great work—prove yourselves worthy of it! If it is actually a great work in any given field, it is the membership of the churches that makes it that!

A limited number of Rev. C. R. Brown's best sermons can be had from Wood & Crowdrey, 876 Broadway, Oakland.

If we can't see ourselves as others see us let us try seeing others as we see ourselves.

THE RELATION OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH TO THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF OAKLAND.

By E. R. Dille.

(Given in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, Sunday afternoon, November the 20th, 1910, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the church by the Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille, of the Central Methodist Church of San Francisco.)

The presence of Mr. Flint and ex-Governor Pardee upon this platform is an illustration of the closer and finer affiliation of the distinctively religious forces and the distinctively secular forces for the common good.

The marvelous and phenominal growth of this church during its fifty years of history, and its commanding place in influence and power may be referred to certain public and personal factors two or three of which I shall name. But before I do so, just a word about the tremendous background against which it has done its work.

What a period the fifty years of this church's life has been in the life of our city, our State, our Nation, of the world! When this church was organized fifty years ago, Oakland was a straggling village among the oaks—a village without street cars or sidewalks, without illuminating gas or electric lights, without a uniformed policeman or a city hall—and see what an imposing and impressive city hall it has now!

When I first saw this city in 1873 it had only about 17,000 population. And since this church was founded the Nation has passed through two great wars, has multiplied its population and its wealth again and again, and has entered upon a career of world politics the outcome of which no man can foresee. But I have time only to notice some changes in religious thought, life and work since this church was founded.

There has been in the last fifty years, nay in the last twenty-five years, a revolution in theological conceptions, in doctrinal statement, in methods and motives of Christian work. There has not been an inch in the vast field of thought, speculative or practical, that has not been swept by the tidal wave of change. And the change, on the whole, has been in the direction of progress. The divine light is in it, the divine impulse behind it.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

"The old order changeth, giving place to new. And God fulfils Himself in many ways; lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Thank God that your church and ours is not tied down to the creeds of one hundred years ago. We believe that the church of today is better qualified to make a creed for itself, if it needs one, than the church ever was before, since the Apostles went to heaven. The best part of the old, the soul, the essence of it, we have carried forward into the new era; the shell of form and dogma is all that we have left behind—and you cannot put this year's birds into last year's shells.

In spite of the ferment and transition through which we are passing the Ten Commandments thunder as commandingly as they ever did, the Sermon on the Mount is a sermon on ten thousands mounts today, and no criticism, higher or lower, has eliminated a jot or tittle, a consonant or a vowel, the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t from the essential gospel. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but that shall not pass away. Christ's words are fixed stars in the firmament of the soul, more permanent than any in

the heavens. Who sees any paling of these Orions of God? While the form passes away, the substance remains.

And then there is a change in the motive and method of Christian work and service. Fifty years ago religious thought was intensely introspective, individualistic; now it is intensely social, altruistic. That the social question holds first place in the thought and life of our people , the labor unions of the world with their eight millions of members, Socialism with its twenty million adherents, and the social and political uprisings in Russia and the Orient bear witness.

The times are appealing to the Church to give expression, leadership and direction to the social consciousness and the social activities of today, in order that the social movement may be directed and dominated by Christian ideals. And it is one of the factors in this church's growth and influence that it has had in the past strenuous decade, a minister who emphasizes the social message of the modern pulpit, who believes that Christ's word is as final in social as in individual life, that there is not an ideal in sociology nor a program in reform, nor a solution of our civic or industrial problems that is not explicit and implicit in the teachings of Jesus Christ. Thank God the church does not today, as it used to do, turn its eyes inward looking for emotion, but outward, looking for service.

"For when a man can live apart from works on theologic trust;
I know the blood about his heart is dry as dust."

The picture of the solitary saint prostrate before God no longer thrills us; it is the picture of the Good Samaritan that grips the modern heart. The religious people in Christ's day did nothing with their religion but attend to its outward observances; they had no social conscience or consciousness whatever, so that the priest and the Levite, after they had been to the temple thought their work was done and passed by on the other side; and that divorcing of religion from common life has persisted almost to our own day.

A grave blemish and perhaps the only blemish on that otherwise incomparable work the Pilgrim's Progress was that the Pilgrim never did any mortal thing but to save his own soul. His one thought by day and his one dream by night was how he might escape from the wrath to come and get to heaven. But Christ's conception of religion is removed the whole diameter of the universe from that of a man setting out from the City of Destruction to save his own little soul; it is rather that of a man staying in the City of Destruction and planning rescue and escape for the souls of others—escape not to some holy refuge in the skies, but from sin and misery to righteousness and purity and peace in this world.

Charles M. Sheldon and Jacob Riis and Judge Lindsay and Charles R. Brown are writing a new Pilgrim's Progress which relates not to the adventures of a selfish Christian running away from a City of Destruction, but of a real Christian changing that City of Destruction into a city of righteousness whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

And we need not only a new Pilgrim's Progress but a new hymnology. When I was a boy they used to sing

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

What a libel on the gospel, as is even Charles Wesley's

"A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save and fit it for the sky."

It should be a never dying world to save. Christ never said "save your soul," He said "Save your life." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life," and the only way you can save your life is to use it and lose it saving others. That life is lost which is not used for God and humanity—which is not given for the same purpose for which Christ gave His—the salvation of men.

I repeat that the broader and better thought of our time is not safety but service, not happiness but usefulness. To our better thought the church is no mere ark in which a few may take refuge and float over the submerged and perishing millions to a heaven of selfishness, but a life boat launched upon the seething surges of this world.

The marvelous growth of this church, which has more than kept pace with the growth of this fair city, throned here by the west, is due to the fact that it has kept pace with the times, and has given the community an inspiring leadership in every work for the common welfare. I have known this church for more than thirty years, and have worked as its nearest neighbor for half that time, and I know the practical sagacity, the high enthusiasm, the generous beneficence and devotion of the Christian men and women who compose it. In all these years I have never heard a hint of schism or a factional division in its ranks; I have never known it to manifest other than the warmest fraternal spirit toward its sister churches, and I have never known it to be anywhere but in the front rank in every movement for social betterment, for civic righteousness, for broad philanthrophy, for true reform and for vital godliness.

But these things alone would not account for the net result. Given this growing and splendid city, unusually responsive, for a Northern California community, to Christian work; given the devoted generous body-guard, the question still remains, Who shall enter this open door; who shall see and seize this strategic situation; who shall lead this devoted band, as devoted as ever a Roman Tenth legion, a Macedonian phalanx or a Napoleon's Old Guard?

And it is no mere compliment, but the utterance of a brother's heart, when I say that the chief factors that account for these fifty years of unbroken advance and of high achievement, are the pastorates of the the two pastors I have worked beside for fifteen years in all—John Knox MeLean and Charles Reynolds Brown. These men do not like me to say this of them. Dr. Brown, when on behalf of the church he invited me to stand here today, warned me that we "were neither to bury Ceasar nor to praise him."

Some of my friends say, "Dille is a well-meaning fellow, but he is a little too complimentary at times." But what is friendship for? Is it for camphor, packing boxes, moth balls? Can everybody else be friends and say so, except ministers? As for me I am glad to stand here and say that one of the finest things in the religious life of Oakland has been the divinely appointed match between this man and his task, between your pastor and the work he was set to do, a harmony and fitness like perfect music set to noble words. I congratulate this church and I congratulate Oakland today that both have enjoyed for the last fourteen years one of the most true and noble ministries this or any other community has ever known.

One thing this ministry has done, it has demonstrated what I am never tired of saying—that the power of the pulpit is waxing not waning. True, today the minister's

cloth counts for little or nothing—he is judged by what he is. He gets just the deference his merits entitle him to and no more; nay, he is slightly discounted because he is a minister, until he proves himself also a man. Today the only sacred thing is the individual; little importance is given to the incidents and accidents of life; only manhood counts.

There is no divine right, no apostolic succession, no inherited or official authority. If the ministerial office is honored at all, it is honored because of the man who holds it. Ordination papers will no longer secure a man a hearing unless he has something to say; the world is too busy to pause a moment to hear platitudes, no matter who utters them. And this does not mean the waning of the minister's power, but rather the enhancement of it. There never was a time when there was such a demand as now for a man in the pulpit with a message. A big man is only hampered by official robes, and a little man finds his insignificance emphasized by them. A feeble pulpit, a ministry respected only for its office has always in church history accompanied or foreshadowed a decline in spiritual power.

It used to be thought to be the minister's function to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to give all his attention to what is called the next life; as if the next life was not for us the nearest life, and as if any life was so near to us as that which surges and eddies all round us in the political world, the social world, the business world. The furrow which time is turning now runs on through eternity, and in that we must do our sowing if we are going to reap any harvest in the eternal years.

"The parish priest of Austerity climbed up in the high church steeple
To be near to God that he might hand His words down to the people;
And in sermon script he daily wrote what he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped it down on the people's heads, two times one day in seven."
In his age, God said, 'Come down and die,' and he answered from the steeple,
'Wnere art thou, Lord?' and the Lord replied, 'Down here among the people."

It was because of the other-worldliness of the minister in the past that instead of being a living force in society like the old prophets, he became simply an ornamental appendage at church services, weddings, christenings and funerals, a ghostly nondescript, whose white tie so far from being a badge of honor and an oriflamme for the church militant, came to be regarded as a grand hailing sign of distress or a white flag of surrender.

I congratulate you upon the blessed years this church has passed under the ministry of the earnest, honest, vigorous, brilliant and self-centered man whom you love and honor as your leader and pastor. While I am glad that he is dear to you, it is the highest compliment I can pay you both to say that he is not indispensible to you, for that alone is a true church of Jesus Christ which has such an organic and aggressive life within itself that its future does not depend upon the permanence or the power or the personality of any man. Man-made and man-run churches are not to be compared with those that have a life within themselves!

You know that the risen Christ dictated to John the Revelator on Patmos letters to each of the seven churches of Asia, and in each letter he said to the church addressed, "I know thy works." The ascended Jesus still bore those colonies of faith on His heart.

It is not what the community has done for the church, but what the church has done for the community that the Master refers to when He says, "I know thy works." The true test of a church is not what it has gotten but what it has given; not the money it has raised, but the use it has made of it. A true church of Christ will be a conservator of morals; it will lift the levels of society. Its aim is not so much to get a few people out of the world into the church, as to get the church with its aims and ideals out into the world, that the world may be uplifted and leavened.

The first test of this church is right here in Oakland; if this church has not made the city purer in its domestic life, its social life, its business life, its political life, if it has not made the average life more livable and the average charter more lovable then God will remove its candlestick out of its place.

But this church has done a great work in the past half century. Of course the real work of a church cannot be put into figures; it defies arithmetic. The fruit of the spirit is not names and figures; it is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, self-control. And in this fruitage "Joseph is a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough by a well whose branches hang over the wall."

The greatest part of your work is unknown save to God and to the lives individually concerned. Who shall put upon paper the influences that have here shaped young lives and keyed them up to high ideals and worthy aims; the uplift that has been given to men and women in the struggles and temptations of life; the broken hearts that have been healed here as though the pierced hand had touched them; the poor who have been helped in the lower and in the higher things of life, the wanderers who have been restored, the sinful who have been saved?

And now in behalf of all Christians of every name throughout our city and State I congratulate the First Congregational Church upon its half century of victory; upon the generous gifts God has bestowed upon you as a church, and the generous use you have made of them for the common cause, and I pray that the half century on whose threshold you stand may be as the past, and much more abundant.

NOAH'S ARK.

A Sermon by Chas. R. Brown.

"The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Genesis 7:1.

Thoughtful people no longer become agitated over the details of this story. In almost every branch of the race some tradition of a great deluge is found. In the Aryan, in the Semite, in the Cushite, the three main branches of the civilized races in that ancient world, we find these traditions and in the main they are in agreement as to the number of human beings saved, as to the sending out of the birds and as to the duration of the flood. They are also in substantial agreement with the narartive recorded in Genesis.

The fact that this tradition is present in these various branches of the race, indicates that some event which coul not be forgotten, occurred; that it happened before the race had become widely scattered; that it was practically co-extensive with the portion of the globe then inhabited. And there are many indications that such a cataclysm may have occurred somewhere in that region made up of

the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, giving rise to the more elaborate tradition which we find worked out here.

But I am not concerned with the physical but with the moral aspects of this narrative. It is to the credit of the insight of that far-off time that the line was drawn between those who should be saved from the flood and those who should be left to perish, on moral grounds. Noah was spared not because he was the favorite of the gods not because he was more punctilious in his attention to ritual—he was saved because he was an upright man. "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord because he was just and straight and clean in his generation." He was not an angel from heaven—we find serious fault ascribed to him here—but he was, all round, the best man of his time. On moral lines he was deemed worth saving.

But the moral limitations of the narrative appear in the lack of sympathy in the outlook here expressed. The story of Noah and his ark is drawn out through four chapters, yet we find not a single word of pity for the men and women who were being wiped off the slate. We find no echo of their cries of despair when they saw the waters rising. We find no compassionate word uttered touching the sorrow of parents as they saw their children submerged beneath the cruel waters or the anguish of husband and wife torn apart by the angry flood. It is all related as placidly as one might relate the story of the building of a fence around his back yard.

How far from that whole mood and attitude we have come! The heartlessness of those eight people who went quietly to work saving themselves without a word or a look of pity, so far as the record shows, for the wicked unfortunates who were to be destroyed, would be impossible today in any quarter of the civilized world. Christ could not die that cruel death upon the cross and commit his soul to the Father without uttering a prayer for the blind and evil men who were putting him to death. Christ could not enter Paradise without carrying a penitent robber in his arms whom he had rescued at the last moment from his life of wrong. And Jane Addams in Chicago cannot go apart and build an ark of intelligence, of culture and of character for herself and eight congenial friends where they might find comfort and pleasure—she must go down to Halsted street where all the forms of wickedness current in Noah's day, are still in active operation and there attempt a great, brave work of compassion, of sympathy and of recovery. We have come a long way from Noah's ark in time and in miles and in moral attitude.

Let me speak to you then of the modern significance of such a narrative as we find here recorded. First, the note of compassion for the unfit there wanting, is now everywhere in evidence. In the old narrative no pity is expressed for those who were to be submerged. Grant that they were unspeakably wicked—they were human beings. Yet if they had been so many fleas to be drowned, and good riddance to them, the absence of compassion could not have been more complete.

Today, if Jack London, a Socialist, writing from a secular standpoint, describes "The People of the Abyss," in the poorer parts of London, we find pity in every line. If General Booth, an ardent, believing, consecrated Christian of the Salvation Army type, writes "In Darkest England," the note of compassion is found in every word. If Charles Booth, a scientific man, sets forth the "Life and Labor of the People of London," in seventeen elaborate volumes with maps, charts, statistics and conclusions galore, we discover the note of tender sympathy in every syllable. Every man cares how the other half lives and how it is fated to die.

One of the early church fathers, Tertullian, undertook in glowing terms to picture the future world. He represented the redeemed as coming out in the cool of the evening on one of the battlements of heaven. From that vantage ground they looked over into the abyss and saw lost souls suffering the torments of hell. And they were so moved by this sight as to think afresh upon the infinite mercy of God in saving them from that horror that they burst forth into an ardent hymn of praise. What a terrible picture! How far we have moved from all that! Whatever may be our belief as to the allotments in the world to come, we cannot conceive of a company of upright, self-respecting people being moved to sing by the sight of hopeless and helpless suffering. An overwhelming sense of compassion would smother the impulse to sing.

There is no white man on earth—and by that term I am not referring to the color of the skin but to a color and quality of life more than skin deep—who can walk through the slums of a city and look upon the pain, the poverty, the moral degradation there, though it be repulsive as that upon which Noah looked, without being moved with compassion. He cannot speak of it or write of it or think of it without such a feeling of pity as we nowhere detect in this ancient narrative. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him"—aye and pitieth those who are so blind morally as not to fear Him. "Like as a father pitieth his children," so all those who have in any wise caught the spirit of the Lord, feel a profound compassion for all the less fortunate of earth. Sympathy which feels for and with another, robs many a man of his strength, but it is the salvation of his soul; whereas selfish indifference to the need and the fate of others is the damnation of the soul.

In the second place this universal feeling of compassion finds expression in an effort to rescue the unfortunate. "The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark. And Noah went in, and his wife and his three sons and their wives." And that was all! It was strictly a family affair. They went in and shut the door and said, "Let it rain!"

Was any wicked man entreated to forsake his way or any unrighteous man his thoughts and turn to the Lord to receive abundant pardon and then come into the ark of safety? Nothing is said of any such effort. We are not to attach too much significance to the silences of scripture but if during the long years—and the narrative indicates that they were many—when the ark was building, that had been the leading thought in Noah's mind it would have found some mention. The desire for personal security seemed to overtop all other consideratoins.

There have been long periods of Christian history when that personal appeal, "Believe and be baptized and you will be saved from hell here and hereafter," was strong enough to lift men out of their pews, to lift them out of their sins, to lift them into newness of life. It is not the strongest form of appeal today. On many a life thoughtful and morally sensitive, this appeal falls dead. Not the personal security which goes up into the ark and leaves the world to its fate, but the idea of investing one's life usefully for that world, ignorant and sinful though it may be in great sections, is today the mightier form of appeal. You cannot conceive of any righteous and well-to-do family going contentedly into their own ark of safety, closing the door and saying, "Let it rain." They would rather go down to their less fortunate fellows who are being submerged because they do not

know how to build an ark, because they have no materials in themselves or in their environment for an ark, and be found there engaged in an effort at rescue when the rain began to fall.

Ian McLaren, author of "The Bonny Brier Bush," used to say that in the earlier years of his ministry he would visit sick men on their death beds and find them agonizing with God over their past sins, searching themselves to see if they had saving faith, their very souls intent upon their own future destiny. But in the later years of his ministry, when he visited men equally thoughtful and conscientious upon their death-beds, he found them asking, "Have I provided a home and adequate support for my wife? Is there life insurance money sufficient to educate the children until they can stand on their own feet and care for themselves?" The change is significant and it is wholesome. The latter is the more profitable line of inquiry. We have it upon the highest authority that if any man is eagerly and solely intent upon saving his soul, he will lose it. We have it on the same authority that the man who invests and forgets his self-interest in that larger task of serving the common good will find his life and keep it unto life eternal.

In the third place the race has come under the power of a more daring hope—the hope not of escaping from the evil world but of saving it. In Noah's day the earth was not a fit place for clean men to live in; it was not a fit place in which to rear a family. Every imagination of their hearts was evil and the fearful unnatural forms of wickedness prevalent are unprintable. In the face of the appalling moral disaster which had befallen the race of men nothing seemed possible but for this family of eight who were gripped by nobler principles to escape in their ark of safety and then when the earth had been washed clean by the flood of Divine judgment to begin again. It may be that nothing else at that time was feasible. God knows! But what a confession of hopelessness the action of Noah was!

In these days men of vision still hear the Divine voice say, "Make thee an ark." But the ark is not built of gopher wood, pitched without and within. It is an ark not made with hands. It is an ark eternal in the realm of moral and spiritual realities. It is an ark shaped up out of those conventions, aspirations, resolves, which become controlling in individual lives and in society.

It is an ark whose vast outlines are meant to rescue and to house, two by two, all the teeming interests of this modern life. In the work of education and in industry, in social intercourse and in civic affairs, men of vision and purpose are toiling ceaselessly upon this finer moral structure which will save not eight people out of the flood of wickedness, but will save the race. And they look ahead to that high hour when these better moral conditions have come to obtain and the divine voice will say to every family on earth, "Come thou and thy house into this ark."

Today the literal and visible Noah's ark is a child's toy. He gets it from the Christmas tree. He sits down and arranges the animals two by two in a long procession across the parlor carpet, with Noah and his wife, with Shem, Ham and Japhet and their wives marching at the head. He puts them all into the ark through the door and then plays that a flood is coming to drown everybody save himself and the contents of his ark. The child lives in a kind of fairyland where wonders are wrought in a moment by a magic wand. He desires swift and visible results.

But the mature man has learned to wait and to study the unseen. His vital interest is in vast and far reaching processes. He is desirous of building his own moral material and his own measure of consecration into that finer spiritual structure which shall save not one family of eight out of the general wreck but shall recover a race redeemed through such Christian effort. In lives renewed and in institutions ennobled, in society permeated by finer principles and in the exaltation of certain august ideals to illumine and command, in the quickening of the whole body of human existence by the incoming of the Divine Spirit, he sees that vaster structure taking shape when the living God shall say to every human interest, "Come thou into this ark and be forever safe!"

Water does not destroy the human race even though it comes in a flood. It was not water that destroyed that ancient world, but wickedness. Here and there a handful out of the teeming millions may be drowned, but it is not water we fear. Injustice, uncleanness, moral indifference, these destroy whole races. These enemies of well-being seek out men and women though they climb to the house tops, to the tree tops and to the summit of the loftiest mountains. Families are engulfed; whole nations are engulfed, by injustice, uncleanness, moral indifference and thus go down in defeat. It is against these that we need to bulid an ark of justice, purity and aspiration. And it is to the gradual rearing of that finer, vaster, more enduring structure that serious men of vision are giving today of their best strength.

What was the matter with that Graeco-Roman civilization which accomplished so much on the shores of the Mediterranean and then suddenly went to pieces like some rotten building? It had wealth; it had learning; it had art; it had political organization brought well up toward the point of perfection. Why was it submerged and replaced by the rule of those rude barbarians from the north?

It had not learned to build an ark. It did not understand the rearing of that structure of safety whose ribs are taken from the moral command given of old on Sinai, whose planks are taken from that platform of righteousness laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, whose propelling power comes from the resident energy of the Spirit of the living God. Great fortunes were made in that ancient world, but distress was constant; education was applauded, but culture declined; a strong centralized government developed at Rome to keep the unhappy provinces in order, but there was continual unrest; moralists declaimed, but morals went down. And when the deluge came there was no ark of safety. The wind blew, the rain descended, the floods came and beat upon that old world and it fell!

And if here by this wider sea and in this newer land we as a nation ever fail it will be for the same cause. Not for lack of wealth or learning or art or political organization, shall we fail; if we go down in defeat it will be because the people absorbed in business and in pleasure have become indifferent to the high, stern, long task of building here a vast structure of protection, putting into it the best of their strength, shaping it up by that which every joint supplieth, framing it in harmony with the will and command of Almighty God until in the time of storm we shall find all these domestic and social interests, all these economic and civic affairs kept safe.

Let me put it in a single concrete case! Here is a group of men who are overworked and underpaid. Children are begotten in their homes in a state of physical exhaustion and thus robbed of their proper inheritance of vigor. Children are reared in homes where the supply of nourishing food is inadequate. Children because of necessity are put to work when they should be using their surplus strength for growth and for the gaining of an education. They are thus stunted and dwarfed to add to the profits of

those who have too much already for their soul's good.

Now what we want in the face of conditions like that—and it is only a sample caught up out of a vast section of human existence—is not to take a few of these defeated people, eight perhaps out of a whole community, and make them comfortable in some ark of refuge; we want to build into that industry a place of refuge, we want to build into it the great beams of moral purpose, the mighty ribs of right principle and cover it with an over-arching roof of sheltering sympathy for the human values there at stake. Then and only then will our industry outride the storms which are already gathering.

The great procession faced toward this ark of safety is now forming. I can see the dim outlines of it yonder on the horizon. And what it contemplates through the daring hope of the Christian men of this generation makes Noah and his family of eight and their animals coming two by two into the ark of gopher wood, seem indeed like child's play on the parlor carpet. We are brave enough to believe that the world in its entirety is to become the subject of redemption. We cherish the hope that all these interests and activities of men shall become regenerate. We look ahead to the time when the rearing of that mighty spiritual edifice of moral safety shall shelter every section of this modern life from the storms which beat upon it. This will be indeed a veritable ark of safety such as the patriarch of old never dreamed.

In the last analysis Jesus Christ is the ark of safety. But Jesus Christ not standing apart inviting a few select souls to take refuge in Him! Jesus Christ not standing yonder in the skies holding the door open to some heavenly mansion for the few who may flee to that place of safety! This is not the Almighty Savior in whom we believe! Jesus Christ is here! "Lo, I am with you alway." He said to those men as they set forth to make the world better, "even unto the consummation of this great hope, even unto the end of the age." He is here, a redemptive Energy, a life-giving Spirit, an almighty and ever present Person reproducing in other persons the quality of His own life. He is here and you may, if you will by committing your life to Him in loyal obedience and in loving consecration, enter at once into the ark of safety to go no more out. And here in fellowship with Him you will have your part in building that vast structure of recovery and protection into which all the interests of men are finally to be brought.

November 13, 1910.

THE DEEPER NOTE IN THANKSGIVING.

By Albert W. Palmer.

Matt. 26:27.—"He took the cup and gave thanks."

Thanksgiving may be shallow or it may be deep. The spirit in which a man approaches Thanksgiving Day is a revelation of his spiritual life. "The refining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, and a man is tried by that which he praiseth"—that for which he gives thanks.

The shallow side of Thanksgiving is not to be condemned. If our crops have been good, if prosperity has abounded, if we have been untried by natural calamities, if we have been saved from the scourge of war, by all means let us give thanks for these. We should be ungrateful children indeed if, receiving such gifts, we did not turn aside to say "thank you" to the Giver of them all. The ringing care-free anthem of Thanksgiving has its place. It expresses one side of the spirit of the day.

But it is only one side, and it is the shallower side.

There must be a deeper note in our Thanksgiving music if it is to find an echo in the hearts of many men and women. There are doubtless men and women here to whom the outward side of Thanksgiving makes very little appeal. Things have not gone altogether well with them this year. Their crops have not been abundant, their lives have not been free from trial. Great losses, heavy burdens, harsh disappointments have come with the year. For all such, deeper than the glad Thanksgiving anthem has been the strong and simple music of "The Lord is My Shepherd" and the comfort and assurance of Mendelssohn's "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own."

It is to these who have found the year a hard one that I bring this text. "He took the cup and gave thanks." Here is the deeper note of Thanksgiving in the life of Christ. That cup did not represent abundant crops, business success, peace and prosperity alone. Not so! In Hebrew thought the wine, the blood, is the symbol of life. That cup represented his life, the whole of it, given in service.

It contained much of joy: the memory of his boyhood, of his mother's love, the baptismal vision by the Jordan, the happy days of his early ministry in Galilee, the memory of human gratitude, of the leper who returned to thank him. It contained ringing cheers of the triumphal entry, the stern joy of the cleansing of the temple, the subtle discomfiture of the Pharisees in debate. It contained the midnight talk with Nicodemus, the conversion of Zaccheus, the pleasant home of Martha and Mary, the memory of one who washed his feet with her tears and dried them with her hair. It contained the growing intimacy with his little band of disciples and beyond this the joy of hours upon the hills in communion with the Father and the sublime experience of the Mount of Transfiguration.

But it also contained the battle with temptation, the memory of the ingratitude of the nine lepers who did not return, the cold and crafty opposition of Pharisee and Sadduccee, the accusation of his own family that he was possessed of a devil. The betrayal by Judas, the denial by Peter, the garden of Gethsemane, the cross on Calvary—all these were in that cup of life.

And yet He took it and gave thanks! He did so not because it was free from sorrow, from loss, from suffering, from disappointment and defeat. It had not been free from these things. But He gave thanks for it still because, in spite of temptation, loss and trouble, He had kept it clean and pure, in the face of all obstacles He had yet given it in the service of humanity, beyond all troubling it had been kept sweet and strong through communion with the Father He could give thanks as He took the cup of life because, beyond all the bitter it contained, it was to be used of God to the salvation of the world.

At this Thanksgiving season let us be thankful not merely for the joys, the passing pleasures, the outward successes, the temporary prosperities. Let us take the whole cup of life, even its defeats, its times of trouble and hardship, and let us give thanks, not because we have been specially favored with sunshine and prosperity, but because through our lives something of service has been given to the world, because we have been permitted to do battle for all things high and true, because even out of the hard things has come a new and deeper realization of the love of God and the dignity of life, a deeper echo to "The Lord is my Shepherd," a new and solemn realization that "The Lord is mindful of His own." For these things, for the whole cup of life let us give thanks.

"Not like the prayer of one who stood, of old,

Where all who came to worship must behold;
Not giving thanks that we
Of holier substance be
Than yonder sinful man of common clay;
Nor boasting of our deeds of charity
Which we perform that all who run may see—
Our vaunted piety the empty words we say;
But, rather, be our theme of gratitude
The love and sweet forgiveness of our God;
Humility, not boastfulness, the mood
In which we pray;
Our shame that day by day
No higher reached the plane our feet have trod;
Nor oftener held we forth a helping hand
A fallen brother to his feet to raise.
Be prayer then grateful praise
That God hath given us yet further days
His will to know,
His love to show,
In Christ-like word and deed through all the waiting land."

GROWING "GOODER" AS ONE GROWS OLDER.

W. N. Burr.

"Should we expect people to grow 'gooder' as they grow older?"

A company of thoughtful women were gathered about a lunch table when one of them threw this question at her companions. She assured them that she spoke seriously. She wanted to talk it over with people who are accustomed to thinking into things. She acknowledged that she had in mind certain people who seem to be changing as they grow older, but not exactly for the better. "Should we expect folks to grow 'gooder' as they grow older? If not, why not?"

The drift of the lunch-table discussion is not known to the writer, but the question provokes thought.

Visions of "saintly old mothers" come readily, perhaps such an one in the foreground as Mrs. Sangster had in mind when she wrote:

"In hands that are gnarled with labor,
And swart with the kiss of the sun,
She is holding her worn old Bible
When the day is almost done.
And gazing through misty glasses,
For her eyes are growing dim,
She thinks of the Lord who has led her,
And the way she has walked with Him."

The picture suggests a ripened Christian life, the fruits of the Spirit in fair maturity. And we know that this saintliness may be found in real life, as well as in poetry and pictures. Old age is sometimes crowned with "sweetness and light."

But if not, why not? There comes to my mind a man of many years, of whom I may speak freely, for this particular man cannot be recognized by any of the readers of this paper. He was a minister of the gospel. He had come to a good old age before he retired, and he had done good work as the "under Shepherd" in several parishes. He was quite above the average in mental power, and I used to think of him as a "born theologian." a preacher because he couldn't help it. Ah, he was a sturdy controversialist, that man, and he was always on familiar ground in doctrinal discussion.

But the fruits of the spirit were not much in evidence in his last years. The chief products of his later life seemed to be crab-apples and sour grapes. We could not feel that he had been growing "gooder," as he had grown older. Why had he not "grown gooder?"

I have said he was a minister of the gospel." Perhaps I would better have said he was a preacher of the gospel as he understood it from the viewpoint of the impassioned theologian. Between gospel ministry and dogmatic preaching there is sometimes a great gulf fixed. "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" asks Shakespeare. Some "ministers of the gospel," so called, cannot, because they are preachers of dogma and not "ministering servants."

What is it Harold Begbie says?—"If I wanted to doubt the existence of God I should discuss the matter with a theologian, and if I desired to be in despair about the power of Christianity, I should place myself at the feet of a popular preacher. But if my hunger and thirst were in the direction of deepening that sense of the existence of God without which life must become for every thinking man either unintelligible or base, and if I sought to quicken and intensify my faith in the power of Christianity as a vital principle in human life, I should escape from the logomachy of theologians and the mere eloquence of popular preachers, and frequent the society of some humble and unknown person, whose whole life, hidden from the observation of the world, is spent in an endeavor to save apparently the most hopeless and certainly the most repugnant victims of wickedness and vice. And there I should find, not anxiety and not despair, but enthusiasm."

Biblical criticism, theology, dogma, all that sort of thing, has its place. So has bread; but "man shall not live by bread alone." There are nine fruits of the Spirit mentions by Paul in his letter to the Galatians that would better be partaken of freely with the bread of dogmatic theology. The fruit juices in the system will be needed as old age comes on to make one sweet and ripe and reasonable and "gooder." I beg pardon; perhaps Paul did not write the letter to the Galatians. But no matter; **somebody** placed all that fruit on the table, and it is much the more important that we all fall to and eat than that we find out who brought in the dish. There is power in Christianity to make us all "gooder" as we grow older; but we shall miss it unless all the way along we are willing to "become as little children," and work away at the fair, fine character-lessons in the school of Christ.

"And Enoch walked with God." Can you imagine an earnest-hearted contemporary ever asking: "Should we expect people to grow "gooder' as they grow older? There's Enoch; he has been a good man all his life, a very useful man, contending earnestly for the faith that is in him. But as old age comes on he seems to be changing. He is querulous, unreasonable, foolishly critical. He is not 'with us' in anything. Somehow, even his faith seems to have lost its buoyancy. He isn't at all what one would expect an aged saint to be. I've been thinking about it; should we expect Enoch to be sweet and reasonable and gentle, and to show a face that marks a heart at peace with God and man? The poor man is bearing the burden of years now. He has not the physical strength, nor the keen mental vigor that he once had. He has been obliged to step aside and make way for younger, stronger men. He is a bit old-fashioned, and he can't very well help knowing that we are all inclined to smile when he sings:

'To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O, may it all my power engage'—

he can't serve the 'present age' just as he did his own gen-

eration, and his powers are waning, he hasn't got them to 'engage' any longer, some of the powers that he once had. Poor old Enoch! I'm sorry for hom. Should we expect it of the old man, that he shall be growing 'gooder' now? He still has the infirmities of the flesh to deal with, and he has not so much with which to meet them as he once had."

Now Enoch lived to be three hundred and sixty-five years old. Who would expect a man to be growing "good er" and "gooder" through these last sixty-five years after having borne the stress and strain of three full centuries? Ah, but we do expect it of Enoch, because he was the man who walked with God? It is true that he had three hundred years in which to get ready for the last sixty-five years of his life, and we do not have as many preparation years as he had; but we have the same source of supply that he had, and the secret of a seren old age for us, "gooder" and finer and sweeter than any of the years of earlier life, is the same secret that prevailed in the days of Enoch.

Helen Hunt Jackson once gave the world a sonnet in which she pictured a great iceberg, towering majestically in the northern seas. But there came a day when that great mass of ice suddenly cracked and fell asunder to its ruin. What had caused the break? A stone at the heart of it that for years had been silently working about and weakening that apparently strong, kingly iceberg. And Mrs. Jackson thus illustrated the sudden collapse of a life that had seemed to be

—"sun-crowned, lifted above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking"—

When a life seems to weaken, spiritually, in its later years, is it not because something weakening in its influence has been allowed to work at the heart of it before the time of old age?" We should expect people to grow gooder" as they grow older, the natural outcome of a life spent "fighting against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful." But he who fights against the wrong thinking and doing of others and fails to nurture his own heart life in the gardens of the heavenly graces, is likely to come to the day of a fretful, critical, unreasonable old age. Sometimes people fail to grow old gracefully because they have been careless cultivators of the graces on their own side of the fence.

La Canada, California.

NOW FOR MORAL MEASURES IN CONGRESS!

By Ex-Senator Blair.

The great political upheaval of this year will naturally make Congress more than usually sensitive to public opinion, and moral measures in Congress manifestly have an unusual chance if only Christian and all other good citizens will vote for them by petitions, letters, telegrams and deputations, all of which will be the more effective if brought to bear while the legislators are at home along their constitutents; and the last session of this Congress is almost here.

The International Reform Bureau, of which I am president, recommends to the special attention of citizens the following pending bills:

1. The Miller-Curtis Bill, to remove the federal shield of "interstate commerce" from "original packages" imported in "dry" territory by unlicensed liquor dealers.

2 The Burkett-Sims Bill, to prohibit interstate telegraphing of race gambling odds and bets.

3. The Walter Smith Bill, to prohibit interstate transportation of pictures and descriptions of prize fights.

4. The Johnston Sunday Act, for the District of Columbia, to forbid Sunday toil and traffic—passed by Senate, pending in House.

5. The Curtis Bill, to prohibit saloons in Hawa'i.

6. The Clayton Bill, to prohibit U. S. District Attorneys to engage in private practice.

7. The McCumber Tirrell Bill, to forbid liquor selling in ships and buildings used by the U. S. Government.

I also earnestly recommend that the militant, and, at the same time, conservative thought of the country concentrate upon the formulation of other adequate state, national and international legislation and administrative measures, upon which all the forces which seek the removal of these great evils may unite in the immediate future in order to exterminate them from this world and give the millennium a chance to come in. We have been a long time talking. Why not do something about it? If the Holy City should come down out of Heaven today there is nowhere on earth to put it. We must remember that the Future is as sure to be, as that the past has been. The millennium is a practical condition of human life, and the sooner we perform our duty, the sooner it will be here. Any new statism, new nationalism, or new internationalism, which does not propose the extirpation of the harmful use of alcohol, opium and all substances which create unnatural appetite, the promotion of universal education, the uplifting and equality before the law of all men, and the obligation of society, as a whole, to secure to every honest man, woman and child a fair chance in the race of life, falls below the broad and elevated standard of today, both in politics and religion. The spirit of the age, which is only another name for the will of Almighty God, is against it and it must fail.

Please remember the legislators and the petitions.

Washington, D. C.

Among the Churches.

California.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Our Sunday school teachers entertained recently a large delegation of teachers from Pilgrim Church, East Oakland, who came with their pastor, Rev. W. Ellsworth Lawson to inspect the work done by members of our school under the graded course of study, which has been in operation since the first of the year. Pilgrim Sunday-school plans to begin on the same graded course (which is not the International, but that of the Bible Study Union of Boston) about the first of January. Plymouth Church has found the Bible Study Union course successful and workable. It has resulted in increased attendance, in very much greater interest on the part of both pupils and teachers, and in securing an amount of home preparation undreamed of under the old system. This course has also been adopted by the North Church, Berkeley, following a similar visit of inspection last spring.

Petaluma.—Rev. Robert Rogers preaches his farewell sermon at Petaluma next Sabbath. He has had a remarkably successful pastorate and leaves the church in an ideal condition with large congregations and every department well organized. The work of the men's club and young people's society has attracted wide attention and Mr. Rogers has gained the reputation of being one of the

strongest preachers in the state. He will begin his work at Plymouth Church, San Francisco, on the first Sunday in December. He began his ministry in Chicago as pastor of the Lake View Congregational Church of that city, where he built up a large congregtion. and because of his success was chosen secretary of a religious forward movement for the entire city. He was also pastor of the First Congregational Church at Prescott, Ariz., the largest church in that state; and while there a fine brick church, which was begun by his predecessor, was completed. During his pastorate at Petaluma the membership of the church has been greatly increased, the city has succeeded in closing its saloons on Sunday and the church has had a strong and wide influence.

San Francisco, Bethany.—As the year for the pastor's call expires in December, Bethany took time by the forelock and extended him a unanimous call as settled pastor. Mr. Briggs will give his decision in January. The people are hoping and praying he will accept, for he has laid the foundation of an ultimately successful work. A unique feature in connection with the Sunday service is an after meeting Sunday evenings. The thought emanated from a young man of the Christian Endeavor with the result of twelve men meeting after church and praying especially for inquirers. All are invited who are interested in aspiring for a higher life, and by prayer and discussion, the veil of doubt is being lifted from many wavering minds. May the twelve increase to seventy. Twenty ladies have also become engaged in the same personal work of saving souls. The Ladies' Aid held a bazaar November 10 and 11 with astonishing results, surpassing those of previous years. The Sunday school has appointed a committee to form a list of books suitable for the library, then distribute the lists, asking every one to contribute a book, and thus secure a library free of cost. The choral of 35 voices, with Mr. William M. Smith as director, will render some especially good music Christmas week. Judging by the last musical given by this society, an annex will have to be attached to the church, for it was necessary to supply chairs, every pew being occupied. Mr. Smith is also training a surpliced choir of 35, many of whom are only 8 years of age. On December 4 Professor Castor will adress Bethany on "The Bible of the Twentieth Century."

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday was one of large attendance and of special interest.

The address was by the Rev. H. R. Miles on "A Right California Denies Her Prisoners." It was an able plea for the employment of the prisoners in such ways and in such conditions as modern humaneness dictates.

Next Monday the meeting is to be a union one and will be addressed by Mr. Marion Lawrance and Mr. W. N. Hartshorn of the International Sunday-school Association.

A Farewell to Mr. Brown.

The special interest in the meeting last Monday centered in the "farewell" given to the Rev. Chas. R. Brown. The wives of many of the ministers were in attendance, and about 125 persons partook of the lunch, which was served by the ladies of the First Congregational Church. Several Congregational laymen and a few ministers of other denominations were present as guests.

After-dinner talks were made bp the Rev. Dr. Vosburgh of the First Baptist Church of Oakland, Dr. Dille of the Central Methodist Church of San Francisco, Dr. Clampett of Trinity Episcopal Church, San Francisco, Rev. S. C. Patterson of the North Berkeley Congregational Church and president of the board of directors of the Northern California Congregational Conference, the Rev. Roy Campbell of the Congregational Church of Palo Alto, Mr. J. L. Barker, of Berkeley, and Prof. C. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary.

Much more reading matter than The Pacific will hold is already in type as we write this, and so but little space can be given to reporting an occasion which must ever be a pleasant memory to Mr. and Mrs. Brown and also to those who spoke and those who listened to the loving tributes paid by ministers to a brother minister whose sterling worth and helpfulness they had known these many years.

In showing how God had used Mr. Brown here on the Pacific coast to bring the message of life to men Dr. Clampett stated that the chaplain at Stanford University had remarked to him that Mr. Brown had done "more for the young men of the University than any other man." And Prof. Nash quoted President Jordan as saying: "The greatest moral force ever on our campus." Dr. Clampett stated that the reading of one of Mr. Brown's books had marked a turning point in the life of one of his boys.

With reference to the influence Mr. Brown's pulpit work had on other ministers, Dr. Dille said that in hearing him they have felt a new ordination, and went away feeling that they would never thereafter dare to do other than their best. Dr. Dille remarked that the only criticism he could make of Mr. Brown was that he had taught young ministers to stand with hand in pocket and preach the gospel with the rapidity of Phillips Brooks in the tones of dignified conversation.

The Rev. Roy Campbell told of the inspiration which had come to him and other theological seminary students in Mr. Brown's preaching—it was there they heard **"the real thing."**

Dr. Vosburgh spoke of him as a social leader and mediator —a conciliator of capital and labor, and as one who had **dignified** the Christian ministry.

Mr. Barker's testimony for the laymen outside of his own church was, "He has done us all good."

Mr. Patterson told of his great faithfulness and helpfulness as president of the California Home Missionary Society—of his many leadings out of perplexing problems into the light.

Professor Nash spoke of him as a friend—as **belonging to us**, and then as a moral and spiritual force, and showed that that is what is demanded—to bring the power of God into practice in actual life.

Of course, Mr. Brown's heart was full after these loving hearts and lips had their say, and he could not say much.

We have told in another article how he narrated for the encouragement of his brother ministers, to show how their lives touched lives everywhere, a recent experience of his. He spoke of the ministry as a joyous service; told how he prized the fellowship of his brethren hereabouts, and expressed a doubt whether life and work anywhere else would ever be to him quite what they had been here.

He stated that it is his intention, after going to New England, to look into the fields of work opened up to him, to return to Iowa and spend the winter in the restful quiet of his father's farm home.

Dr. Clampett having wittingly referred to the fact that twice that day—the special order being "a farewell" to a brother about to take departure—"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow"—had been sung, the closing hymn was "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and then in words fitting and beautiful, Dr. Dille voiced tenderly a farewell prayer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ATHLETIC LEAGUE.

The Church and the Boy.

A great wave of athletic interest is sweeping over this country; and all sensible people will admit that it is a most welcome and desirable wave. Many, however, will agree that it is a good thing and stop there.

Until recently little attention was paid to the boy in the churches. True, the Boys' Brigade did, for two or three years give the lad some healthy occupation in the church; but, after all, the men received most of the attention.

From 12 to 14 years of the boy's age the parents and teachers must bear in mind two serious matters. First, it is the period of adolescence; that time in a boy's life when he is restless and nervous, inclined to brooding and thoughtless. Second, he realizes that in a few years he will become a man, and it is not difficult for his companions to wean him away, not only from the Sunday school, but from the path of rectitude as well.

At this point in the battle the Sunday School Athletic League swings into line. It has been authorized by the evangelical churches of San Francisco to institute and promote athletics in the Sunday schools. Its field embraces the grown up boys and even the girls, but its prime effort is devoted to lads from ten to fifteen years.

Its object is twofold. The League seeks to give the boy some incentive to exercise and to compete, realizing that both are and will be of some advantage to him. At the same time it builds a moral fence around him, and quietly informs him that if he jumps the fence he is out, and stays out, unless he crawls back on his hands and knees. Of course the vices are prohibited; but the League goes further. No smoking within the precincts of church or athletic field; no racing on the Sabbath; no unfit language of any kind; no unfair conduct, either on or off the field. Thus it must be plain that the League aims to help the parents, the pastors and the teachers to bring up the boys to be strong, active Christian gentlemen, a credit to their families and their churches.

The Sunday School Athletic League was organized on March 25th, 1909, at Calvary church, Mr. A. S. Johnson of that church acting as temporary chairman. Since that time quarterly meetings have taken place with one exception (last June.)

Four sets of open games have taken place: At the Auditorium, June 1st, 1909; at the Stadium in the park, October 30th, 1909; at the Auditorium, January 21st, 1910, and also May 13th, 1910.

Four rallies have been held: At the First Christian church, October 1st, 1909, the principal speakers being Rolla V. Watt and Mr. H. J. McCoy; the next was held at the First Lutheran church, November, 1909; then at the Wesley Methodist church, February 24th, 1910. On September 8th, 1910, at the annual meeting of the League, on special invitation the following named pastors were the principal speakers: Dr. Clampett and Mr. Benham of Trinity Episcopal, Dr. Bell of the First United Presbyterian, Dr. Dille of Central Methodist, and Rev. Mr Crouser of First Lutheran. Mr. Bostwick of Trinity Presbyterian church added a few words.

Three entertainments have been given under the auspices of the League. The first at the Garrick theater, September 1st, 1909, at Grace Methodist church December 16th, 1909, and at the Novelty theater September 30th, 1910.

The attendance at games, rallies, and entertainments indicates that the League has under its influence and authority no less than 1,000 boys.

The membership of the League—that is, the churches that are represented by their Sunday schools—is as follows: Presbyterian, 10; Methodist, 7; Congregational, 5; Baptist, 3; Episcopalian, 2; United Presbyterian, 2; Lutheran, 1; Christian, 2; Evangelical, 1.

The Board of Governors is a body of fifteen men elected annually by the delegates. They have full charge of the administration, and bear the burden of success or failure. The constituency is, as far as possible, interdenominational, the members being chosen for their efficiency, and a proper distribution among the denominations. The members of the board are imbued with the conception that success almost entirely depends upon them individually, and according to the regard the public holds for them individually will be their respect for the League.

In extending an invitation to all Sunday schools to join our fellowship we do so with a strong consciousness of the value of our proposition. It must be evident to all who will give the matter but a passing thought that the men who compose our Board of Governors, fifteen busy men, are not in it for fame and fortune. They are devoting what time they can spare from other pressing duties to promoting the welfare of the boys and through them the churches. This reason, if no other, should induce church officers to give this matter serious consideration, to the end, we hope, that they will see to it that their Sunday schools contribute their share of money and moral support.

The official board is as follows: President, W. G. French; Vice-President, Rev. C. C. Champlin; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Strickler, Y. M. C. A.; Recording Secretary, George D. Baird, 336 Pine street; Treasurer, A. E. McKay. Members: George S. Vail, J. C. Astredo, T. S. Garrett, C. R. Fisher, J. A. Stark, Rev. Fletcher Cook, R. O. Hanson, Rev. E. L. Walz, Dr. J. D. Eckes and Fred D. Parr.

EATING AN APPLE.

"Do you know what you're eating " said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."

"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat, and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matter which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters, if retained, render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. O, the ancients were not wrong when they

esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor.—New York Tribune.

The Home.

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN.

O, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way!
I wandered out of the path one day,
When my heart was broken, my hair turned gray,
And I can't remember how to play;
I've quite forgotten how to be gay,
It's all through sighing and weeping, they say:
O, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way.

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have a young heart though your hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown.
O ye who have lost the way!

—Alice Ainsworth.

THE PATHWAY TO APPROVAL.

To engage in the performance of home duties faultlessly, without petulance, without haste, without fretting—to repress the sarcastic and unkind word, to be calm in the hot moment of anger, to do without weariness, and to suffer without murmuring, to be charitable in judgment and trample out of the heart the Pharisee spirit, deeming life at once too short and too costly for quarrels and for pride; to maintain a chivalrous honor in all business relations; to hold back from the temptations of doubtful or hasty gain, to wear "the white flower," not "of a blameless life" only, but of a life cleansed from its earthliness and made pure by the Holy Spirit; to walk about the world and before men with a calm heart filled with love; to shed abroad the "sweet savor of Christ," and allure men to the heaven to which they know you to be traveling—these are but many-sided exhibitions of the only holy character, many facets of the one jewel of fidelity by which you are to be "approved" of your Father which is in heaven.—Punshon.

CONCERNING ILL TEMPER.

It is not enough for us to pray for self-control. We must all study the cause of irritability. If men would often go to a sanitarium concerning their health-habits they would find an answer to prayer in this revelation of truth. I have known men who prayed for a good temper in vain until their physician proscribed eating so much meat, for they could not endure such stimulation. So long as they ate abundantly of animal food, they could not control the irritability; but as soon as they were put on a milder diet they were able to keep their temper. Their physicians, by the aid of science, revealed to them the cause of that irritableness, and their praer was answered. They were not unwise in praying, but they were wise in adding hygienic advice. It is quite in vain to pray for a tranquil spirit or a genial, hopeful spirit when the organs of digestion are out of order. Not that one who is suffering from sickness should not pray for health, but prayer is to be conjoined to hygiene. It is in vain to pray for patience, and then run heedlessly into those very conditions where experience shows causes which lead to impatience.—Ex.

THE BENEFIT OF CHANGE.

How it hits and pricks and pulls and drives us—the immediate; it seems to have a whole carpenter's chest of tools to harry and hurt and hasten us. The days are filled to the very brim with breathless talks and duties and obligations, with seeing people and rushing to engagements and keeping ourselves in the eyes of other folk. Now we bustle hither and thither, and we read this and that, and concoct the other, till our minds are frittered away and our bodies are sick and sore, and we can hardly see two inches in front of us, so entrammeled and enmeshed are we by the close-woven web of the immediate. It bears down so heavily upon us that the air is vitiated, the view cut off, and the soul hampered, and we lose all sense of our own vast freedom.

In the midst of it all, the only remedy is to stand still awhile and measure the means of escape; for from most of the evils of life there is escape, if enough will and wisdom are applied. At least, we need never feel that we are shut in a cul-de-sac. There is, after all, the opening.

The body may have become like a mere sentient cushion stuck full of spiritual pins that prick and stab, one may be wounded all over by the jabs of the immediate, and yet there is an act of the mind which can control the feelings of the body. Alas! we cannot take ship and go to Europe when the immediate is too closely wrapped about us, although for those who can and who have kept their perceptions alert, there is no more effective escape. To enter a strange city at nightfall—to walk in the unknown ways where no face greets us, and only strange glances and unknown objects line the way—this is, for the time, to shift our own personality, and all its cares and responsibilities and become, for the moment, no more than a mere observer of life.

But for the less fortunate there are other and more accessible retreats; one of the easiest and pleasantest being a mere shifting of the waking hours. To repair to the farthest, darkest room with an unexciting book and rest all day, with a view to an alert and observant watch of the night hours, is an excellent escape from the fret of the habitual. At night, the hours grow into wonderful lengths of quiet; the noises of the street are all changed, and the night half-lights bring forth new detail in the familiar house fronts and hide the customary blankness. New vision brings with it new thoughts and a change of thought is always a little run into the open and away from the routine and rule of the harrowing immediate.—Harper's Weekly.

FOR A MORE ZEALOUS PARENTHOOD.

Luther Burbank, who does not confine his ideas to plant growth, is of the opinion that the prevalent low business honor and bemired political ideals of the country are the result of the bad training—or perhaps it may be more accurate to say, the lack of training—of American chil-

dren, says the Chicago Tribune. He believes that in their love for self-indulgence parents attempt to move along the line of least resistance. They lie to and cheat their children after a fashion; they do not correct the errors of the child, and they accord him an unwise conspicuousness.

He writes: "Be dishonest with a child, whether it is yours or another's—dishonest in word or look or deed, and you have started a grafter. Grafting or stealing—for that is the beter word—will never be taken up by a man whose formative years have been spent in an atmosphere of absolute honesty. A child knows instinctively whether you are true or dishonest with it in thought as well as in deed; you cannot escape it. It may not always show its knowledge, but its judgment of you is unerring. Its life is stainless, open to receive all impressions, just as is the life of the plant, only far more pliant and responsive to influences. Upon the child before the age of ten we have an unparalleled opportunity to work; for nowhere else is there material so plastic."

Mr. Burbank is strong for the influence of beautiful, or at least goodly, surroundings. On the other hand, he is opposed to luxury or whatever destroys the child's power of resistance or makes him a waster. And he adds that a good tendency should be grafted on it in place of every bad tendency. Nor is he giving too large an order.

True, only the patience of the parents, particularly the mother, can persistently follow this cult of child training, but by such it can be done. Indeed, it has been done uncounted thousands of times, but it is not done by women mad with the love of spending, racing and going. Nor is it performed by fathers who set aside the direction of their children as if it were a phase of domesticity in which they have no part.

SOME RIDDLES.

Why is a pig's tail like the leter K?—Because it is the end of pork.

What church official would be most useful on the battlefield?—A canon.

When is a person obliged to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

What is the riddle of riddles?—Life, because we must all give it up.

If a barrel weighs 10 lbs., what can you fill it with to make it 7 lbs?—Holes.

Why is a crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

Why is an elephant like an oyster?—Because neither can climb a tree.

Why is my sweetheart like a ten-guinea hat?—Because she is very dear.

Why is a nobleman like a book?—Because he has a title and several pages.

Why is an orange like a church steeple?—Because we have a peel from it.

Who may marry many a wife and et live single all his life?—A clergyman.

Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?—Because it makes pa pay.

Why can we send no more dispatches to Washington?—Because he is dead.

Why is an umbrella like a pancake?—Because it is seldom seen after Lent.

Where was Adam going when he was in his thirty-ninth year?—Into his fortieth.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she forms lasses into classes.

Why is your shadow like a false friend?—Because it only follows you in sunshine.

When is a sermon like a round shot?—When it comes from the canon's mouth.

What did the spider do when he came out of the Ark?—Took a fly and went home.

Why was Ruth ruthless to Boaz?—Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

Why do carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

Why are the houses of bald people easiest to break into?—Because their locks are few.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a cornfield?—Because so many ears are there.

Why is a seamstress always a deceptive woman?—Because she is never what she seams.

What magazine would be likely to give the biggest report of a fire?—A powder magazine.

Why is an extracted tooth like a thing forgotten?—Because it has gone out of your head.

THE CENTURY IN 1911.

Life of Luther.

The Century is to publish during 1911 a life of Martin Luther from the pen of Rev. Arthur C. McGiffert, D. D., a member of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, New York. The life is not written on theological lines, but has as its chief motive the story of Luther as a personality and as an influence upon his time. There will be many illustrations, some of them in color.

The Wives of the Caesars.

The Century is to publish also in 1911 a series of papers on "The Wives of the Caesars," by Guglemo Ferrero, probably the most distinguished figure in historical writing in the world today. The series will begin with Livia, wife of Augustus; and all will treat of women who were related to the politics and social life of their epochs, and who took part in the strife in Rome between the old Puritanism and the Oriental civilization.

Special Articles for Women.

Subjects of special interest to women will be made a feature of The Century during 1911, with papers on the training of children in other countries, articles on cookery by a well-known writer who has given attention to his subject in its international relations, various phases of gardening, stories of "Mothering on Perilous," by Miss Lucy S. Furman, etc. The December Century will tell all about "A Beautiful Club for Women" (the Colony Club of New York), pictures by Vernon Howe Bailey adding to the interest and vividness of Anne O'Hagan's text.

Along the Line of Psychic Problems.

The first chapters of Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," which is running serially in The Century, indicate that phychical research is to be the key-note of the story. It is not the object of Mr. Hichens's story, it is said, to set forth what has been accomplished in the field of occultism; but his working out of some of the phenomena of occultism in his story cannot fail to interest all who have paid any attention to phychic problems.

ST. NICHOLAS IN 1911.

All American young folks will want to read H. L. Ogden's story, "How Washington Escaped," the narrative

of ten perilous incidents in the career of this great American. The author is well-known as a painter of Colonial and Revolutionary scenes, and the illustrations will be worth while.

The first story for young folks written by the author of "The Lady of the Decoration" will appear in the December St. Nicholas. It will be called "The Russian General's Son"; and it will have illustrations in two colors from drawings by Genjiro Kataoka, who made the pictures for "Little Sister Snow."

A later number of St. Nicholas will have a story by the same writer specially for girls, entitled, "Yoma Wilke's Birthday," which will be illustrated with some unusual and interesting photographs.

Our Young People

THE HEROINE OF THE TROLLEY.

By Helen A. Hawley.

took her little four-year-old brother with her. Harriet pleaded. "It's such a pleasant day; it'll be just lovely on the trolley. Aunt Mary says I never bring Bobb now—she said that the last time I was out there."

"You'll take good care of him?" Mrs. Anderson asked, as mothers do, though she knew her daughter was trustworthy.

"Bobby wants to go," the young heir of the house announced.

"Of course, he does," Mrs. Anderson smiled; "when didn't a small boy want to go? But will Bobby be a good boy and mind sister?"

"Yes, mamma, I will," Bobby promised.

Every Saturday, if the weather was fine, it was a settled thing that Harriet should go out to her aunt, who lived five miles in the country, and on very rare occasions she took her little four-year-old brother with her. Harriet would soon be ten, and she was really motherly, as a girl is apt to be who has a brother somewhat younger than herself. Every morning she washed his face, and brushed his hair, and buttoned his clothes; "Mothers Helper," Mrs. Anderson called her.

It was one of those charming days when the open trolley-car is a delight, and the children took their seats in high spirits. After a few minutes of threading the intricate city tracks, they were speeding along through the wide country. What a little, little while it took to go over the five miles! Harriet was already tempted to wish they were ten. Then what a good time they had at Aunt Mary's, with the barn to visit, the new bossy calf to stroke, and the wee chickens to count. Surely, nobody in all the world made such delicious cookies as Aunt Mary did.

At the end of the day Aunt Mary walked down the slope with them, at the foot of which ran the trolley line, and let Bobby himself signal the motorman.

Going home, Bobby insisted on taking an outer seat of the open car. He was a self-willed little lad, and rather than make a scene, Harriet consented.

"Hold on tight," she whispered. Then she put her arm about him for protection, but that didn't accord with Master Bobby's idea of manliness, and he squirmed out of it. So they whirled on and on, and were once more within the city limits, where tracks crossed and became tangles in what seemed confusion to the uninstructed.

Their car stopped to take on a passenger; then it started with a jerk, and Bobby, who had been so busy looking that he forgot to hold fast, tumbled off, rolling on to the next track.

And coming down the next track, full tilt, was another car!

It hardly seemed that Harriet took time to realize what had happened, for with a flying leap she went after her brother. She caught his coat; and drew him to the narrow space between the tracks, and threw herself down full length on top of him, covering him with her own body, and hugged her skirts close to her side, as the threatening car passed over the spot where Bobby had lighted, and came to a standstill. Their own car stopped also.

Women turned their faces away, fearing what they might see. Men jumped off to help; but, to the joyful surprise of all, the girl and the boy rose to their feet, unharmed, except that Bobby was crying from fright and the pain of a few scratches of gravel on his hands.

"What presence of mind in a child!" "How could you do it?' "How came you to think of it?" Such words as these were showered on Harriet, as, after placing Bobby in a safe seat, she sat down again, somewhat pale, but quite composed.

"The minute I saw him fall," she said, quietly, "I asked our Father to help me save him. And you know,' she looked up smiling, "it doesn't take a second to think a prayer when you're in a real hurry, and it doesn't take a second for our Father to do it, because He can hear our thoughts.

"No," in reply to another question, "I wasn't a bit afraid—there wasn't time. Now it's over, Im just a little afraid—not much though. Yes, I knew our Father'd help. My mother says that's what fathers are for, and, of course, our Father can do more than any other can.

This is our crossing." Harriet grasped Bobby's hand: the boy was subdued and submissive enough now. Several sprang to help them off safely, and more than one stalwart man wiped his eyes and went on his way, feeling that he should never forget the little girl's confident assertion. "He can hear our thoughts"; and more than one questioned if he could say it as gladly as did the small heroine of the trolley; because, to be glad our heavenly Father can hear our thought, depends on what kind of thoughts they are.—Young Christian Soldier.

PLEASANTRIES.

A schoolboy recently defined an optimist as a man that looks after your eyes, a pessimist as one that looks after your feet. Another definition of a pessimist is "some one who has to live with an optimist."

The humorist of the Houston Post says the daily announcement in the want columns of "Wanted—A white girl to cook," is eloquent recognition of the claim that the Houston girls are good enough to eat.

A Delineator writer says that his little nephew listened open-mouthed at the description of a railroad accident in which a man was very seriously injured. When one of the family remarked, "I think he could get damages from the railroad," the little fellow was puzzled and broke out with "But, father, hasn't he got damages enough, now?"

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